Elinora Reynolds

Along the road one summer's day two Irish lads
were walking,
And all the while in mirth + glee about the girls
were talking,
About the girls, about the fair, + who were best
at dancing;
While at each pretty face they saw, their eyes were
brightly glancing.
At length a milestone standing close beside a
hedge they saw
And straightway up to it they went to con its
letters o'er.
"Spake low" cried one "We're near the dead, his grave
we'll not be troublin'"
"An old man, sure, one hundred and his name
is Miles, from Dublin!"

There are blues you get from women when you
see them all in swimmin' & you haven't
got a bathing suit yourself!
There are blues you get much quicker, when you had a
lot of liquor & some fellow came & took it off the shelf!
There are blues you get from standing on the dock, &
a-wonderin' if the boat is goin' to rock!
There are blues you get from settin' in a taxicab & frettin'
everytime the taxi-meter takes a hop!
There are blues you get from tryin' to save some guy
from dyin' & he afterwards forgets you in his will!
There are blues much worse than this is, when you're
walkin' with the Mrs. & your chorus-steady calls "Hello there, Bill."
But the blues that make you hot & cold & make you
want to shiver; blues that make you want to
end it all in the river –
Are the blues my naughty sweetie gives to me!

A lizard crawled upon a wall
All on a summer's day
He crawled there once, he crawled there twice -
And then he crawled away.
A bee once flew unto a rose
All on a summer's day
He sipt it once, he sipt it twice -
And then he flew away.
A man once came unto a maid
All on a summer's day
He kissed her once, he kissed her twice -
And then he rode away.
The moral of my story is -
All on a summer's day
The wall wasn't sunny -
The rose had no honey -
The girl had no money -
Isn't it funny? But it's true!

1. There were three jolly fisher-men
There " " " "
Fisher, fisher, men men men; fisher, fisher, men men men
There were three jolly fishermen!
2. The first one's name was Abraham – etc.
3. The second one's name was Isaac – etc.
4. The third one's name was Jacob – etc.
5. They all went up to Jericho – etc.
6. They wished they'd gone to Amster – dh!
They " " " " " "
Amster, amster, dh! dh! dh! Amster, amster, dh! dh! dh!
They wished they'd gone to Amster-dh!!

Odie in de meddie on de dim a laddie boo
Id de iddie muddie fiddie, iddie addie, oo
"Dim" ded de muddie – "dim" ded de oo
N day am, n day am, on de dim a laddie boo!

Coming down from Bangor, in a Pullman train,
From a six-weeks shooting in the woods of Maine
Whiskers quite extensive, beard-mustache as well.
Sat a student fellow, tall & fine & swell
Empty seat behind him & no one at his side
Into a pleasant station soon the train doth glide
Enter aged couple who take the hinder seat
And a blushing maiden beautiful, petite
Blushingly, she falters "Is this seat engaged?"
See the aged couple properly enraged!
Student quite ecstatic, sees her ticket thru
Thinks of the long tunnel & knows what he will do.
So they sit & chatter while the cinders fly
Until the student-fellow gets one in his eye!
Then the gentle maiden shyly turns about
"May I, if you please, sir, try to take it out?"
Happy student fellow feels a dainty touch
And the softest whisper - "Does it hurt you much?"
Phiz-ding dong! Into the tunnel quite
Into royal darkness, black as Egypt's night.

continued

xxxx! xxxx! xxxx!

Out into the daylight glides the Pullman train
Maiden's hair is ruffled just the merest grain—
Student's collar rumpled—and soon there appeared
A dainty little earring caught in student's beard!

A man without a woman
Is like a fish without a tail
Is like a ship without a rudder
Like a boat without a sail
A man without a woman
Is like a wreck upon the sand
But there's one thing worse—in this whole universe
And that's a woman—
And that's a woman—
And that's a woman—without a man!

I'll tell you a tale of a Robber bold
Who came to rob a house
He opened the window & crept inside
As silent as a mouse.
He crept under the bed
To swipe the swag
He hoped to get it all
But if he'd known 'twas an old maid's house,
He would never have made the call
At nine o'clock the old maid came in
"Oh, I'm so tired" she said
And thinking that everything was all right
She forgot to look under the bed!
She took out her teeth & her big glass eye
and the hair from off her head!
And the burglar had ten thousand fits
As he looked from under the bed.
From under the bed the burglar crept
He was a total wreck
The old maid wasn't asleep at all
—

She grabbed him by the neck
She didn't hollow or scream or yell
She was as cool as a clam
And then she cried "the saints be praised!"
"At last I've found a man!"
From under the pillow a pistol drew
And to the burglar said
"Young man, if you don't marry me!
I'll blow off the top of your head!"
He looked at her teeth and her big glass eye
There was no chance to skoot
He looked at the hair from off her head!
And said "Madam, for God's sake, shoot!"

I went to the animals' fair – the birds & the beasts were there
The old baboon by the light of the moon was combing his
auburn hair –
The monkey he got drunk, & sat on the elephants trunk
The elephant sneezed and fell on his knees – and what
became of de monk – de monk, de monk, de monk etc.

THIS IS SHE

Arthur Guiterman

On order that must be obeyed
I sing of a dear little maid;
A mirthfully serious,
Sober, delirious,
Gently imperious
Maid.

And first we'll consider her eyes
(Alike as to color and size);
Her winkable, blinkable,
Merrily twinkable,
Simply unthinkable
Eyes.

Then, having a moment to spare,
We turn our attention to hair;
Her tendrilly-curlative,
Tumbly-and-whirlative,
Super-superlative
Hair.

Forbear to dismiss with a shrug
Her nose, undeniably pug;—
Her strictly permissible,
Turn-up-like-thisable,
Urgently kissable
Pug.

Now, moving a point to the south,
We come to an actual Mouth;
A coral, pearliferous,
Argumentiferous,
Mainly melliferous
Mouth.

Observe, underneath it, a chin,
Connoting the dimple within;
A steady, reliable,
Hardly defiable,
True, undeniable
Chin.

By all that is fair! it appears
We'd almost forgotten her ears!
Those never neglectable,
Tinted, delectable,
Highly respectable
Ears.

And last let us speak of herself,
That blithe little gipsy and elf;
Her quite unignorable,
Absence-deplorable,
Wholly adorable
Self.

The Woman Hater.

I am a woman hater; they bore me. They simper and giggle in a way that makes me tired.

Their painted faces, penciled eyebrows, ruby lips and all their little tricks do not thrill me.

Their talk is not interesting; I would not care to sit out a dance with one of them.

I like the company of men so much better.

I am a woman. —*Town Topics.*

The Vision.

They looked into each other's eyes; *he saw:* A beautiful woman, exquisite, sinuous and pliant, whose gorgeous gown no other woman could have dared, whose softly smiling lips were made for eager kisses—a woman a man must love!

She saw: A beautiful woman, exquisite, sinuous and pliant, whose gorgeous gown no other woman could have dared, whose softly smiling lips were made for eager kisses—a woman all men must love!

—*Town Topics.*

Willing to Take a Chance.

Machinery Salesman: "I'd like to interest you in this cotton gin—it is wonderful."

Sappo: "Is that so? Well, you can send me up a dozen bottles. I'll try anything once."

—*Lawyer & Banker.*

Ambition.

I would be tempestuous,
I would make you love;
But I am just a woman
Cooing like a dove.

I would be a blusterer,
And conquer angry seas;
But I am just a woman,
I must try to please.

I would seek adventure,
And sleep with glorious dead;
But I am writing verses
While the children are in bed.

—*Clair (New York World).*

If the Shoe Was On the Other Foot.

She: "Now if you were in my shoes, what would you do?"

He: "Groan with agony."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

With Reservations.

"I'd trust you any old place,"
She smiled, as she lay in his arms,
"Though you are Adonis in looks,
Though all the girls fall for your charms.

"You are a man among men,
You are one chap on the square:
I'd trust you any old place,"
She laughed, "if no women were there!"

—*Town Topics.*

I said good-night to you and walked away,
But I felt like holding you up abruptly
Towards my lips to see if your lips
Would tremble and open against the scorch
Of my intense breathless flaming.
I said good-night to you and walked away,
But I felt like bruising your flesh with mine,
Like twisting your lips with odd agonies,
Like moving your soul toward strange abandons;
Yet I said good-night to you—and walked away.

Frank Blatt

HERE I lie, rotted down from two
hundred pounds of flesh
To less than a pound of mud!
After eating four thousand steers,
And two thousand bushels of corn,
And ten thousand loaves of bread,
And drinking five thousand gallons of
whisky.
What for? To give me strength to blat,
So that I could buy beef and bread and
whisky,
And blat!

House Hunting

A young couple, about to be married, were looking for a house in the country. After satisfying themselves that they had found a suitable one they started for home.

During the return journey the young lady was very thoughtful and when asked the reason for silence, she replied: "DID you notice a 'W. C.' anywhere?", meaning water closet.

Not having noticed it, the prospective bridegroom wrote the landlord, asking where it was located.

The landlord did not understand what "W. C." meant. After thinking it over for some time, he came to the conclusion that "W. C." stood for "Wesley's Church." He replied as follows:

Dear Sir:

I very much regret the delay in answering your letter, but I now have the pleasure of telling you that the "W. C." is situated about 9 miles from the house and is capable of seating about 200 persons. This distance is unfortunately far, but if you are in the habit of going regularly you will be glad to know that a great many persons take their lunch with them and make a day of it. Others that cannot spare the time take cars, arriving there just in time. The last time my wife and I went was six years ago, and we used to stand up all the time. I may mention that it pains me not to be able to go more often. It may also interest you to know that a bazaar is to be held to furnish the "W. C." with plush seats, as this has been a long felt need.

Yours very truly,

E. K. S.

[*REPRINTED*]

In Memory of Days that are Gone

And in Commemoration of the Opening of

The Public Comfort Station of Lancaster, Pa.

March 29, 1924

THE PASSING OF THE OLD BACKHOUSE

By James Whitcomb Riley

WHEN memory keeps me company and moves to smiles and tears,
A weather-beaten object looms through the mists of years.
Behind the house and barn it stood, one-half a mile or more,
And hurrying feet a path had made straight to its swinging door.
Its architecture was a type of simple classic art,
But in the tragedy of life it often played its part,
And oft the passing traveler drove slow and heaved a sigh
To see the modest hired girl slip out with glances shy.

We had our posey garden that the women loved so well,
I loved it too, but better still, I loved the stronger smell
That ever filled the evening breeze so full of homey cheer,
And told the night-o'ertaken tramp that human life was near.
On lazy August afternoons it made a little bower
Delightful, where my grandsire sat and whiled away an hour,
For there the early morning its very cares entwined,
And berry bushed reddened in the streaming soil behind.

All day fat spiders spun their webs to catch the buzzing flies
That flitted to and from the house where ma was baking pies,
And once a swarm of hornets bold, they built a palace there,
And stung my unsuspecting Aunt—I must not mention where,
Till father took a flaming pole—that was a happy day,
He nearly burned the building up, but hornets, where are they?
When summer's bloom began to fade and winter to carouse,
We banked the little building with a heap of hemlock boughs.

But when the crust was on the snow and the sullen skies were gray,
In sooth the building was no place where one could wish to stay.
We did our duties promptly, there one purpose swayed the mind,
We tarried not, nor lingered long on what we left behind.
The torture of that icy seat had made a Spartan sob.
We needs must scrape the gooseflesh with a lacerating cob—
That from a frost-encrusted nail suspended by a string,
My father was a frugal man and wasted not a thing.

When Grandpa had to go out back and make his morning calls,
We bundled up the dear old man with mufflers and with shawls.
I knew the hole on which he sat was padded all around,
And once I dared to sit there—'twas all too wide I found.
My loins were all too little and I jack-knifed there to stay,
They had to come and cut me out or I'd have passed away.
Then Father said ambition was a thing that boys should shun,
And I must use the children's hole till childhood days were done.

But still I marvel at the craft that cut those holes so true,
The baby hole, the slender hole that fitted Sister Sue.
That dear old country landmark. I have tramped around a bit,
And in the lap of luxury my lot has been—to sit.
But ere I die I'll eat the fruit of trees I robbed of yore,
Then seek the shanty where my name is carved upon the door.
I ween the old familiar smell will soothe my faded soul,
I'm now a man, but none the less, I'll try the children's hole.

"The Chinese Lantern"

Lawrence Housman
Charles H. Sergel + Co.

Wiowani, the great painter, when he painted that picture, was old and tired of life and he longed for rest. So he painted a little porch and a garden and in the porch just one spray of blossom in an old blue jar to remind him of youth; an instrument of music to remind him of song; and over head a lantern to give light when it grew dark. And when the picture was done the Emporer himself came to look at it. And as he lookt he said,

"O, Wiowani, in there, it seems to me, is rest! Would that you and I could go and live in a place like that for ever!"

And while he spoke the lantern began to glow, softly shedding its light on the floor below. And the garden beyond grew dim, form within form. But all the porch was brimming and bright and warm, - a home with its doors thrown wide for a well-loved guest. And out of the dusk of the

garden a wind came, blest with the scent of flowers, all cool from the rising dew; and lo, in its depths at last, there, born a new, the picture passed and was changed to a world of rest!

Then, all at once, Wiowani reached a hand,

"Come," he said, "Come with me! for this is the land you seek and thither I go!"

And into the picture he stept and turning slow, watched to see whether the Emperor would follow or no. Follow? Not he! Not having the soul of a painter, how could he reach the goal?

So Wiowani went in by the door, stood and beckoned, then turned about and vanished away! The light of the lantern faded out as fades a star at the dawn of day; and the picture was only a picture once more!

Dr. Frank Crane's Daily Editorial

Mothercraft

PEOPLE have to learn other crafts, why is it supposed that anyone is able to understand mothercraft?

This requires quite as much ability and cleverness as anything else. There are very few mothers and certainly the demand for motherhood is greater than anything else. A man cannot become an artist, no matter what his ability, unless he first learns how to wield the brush. Nor does any boy with mechanical ability become an engineer without training.

Motherhood is a profession and, as Muriel Wrinch says, "It is necessary that women naturally endowed with the capacity of motherhood should look upon it as a craft."

A mother should be to some extent educated intellectually. Of course she needs a capacity for devotion and self-sacrifice, but the emphasis on intellectual work has not been stressed. She will have charge of growing minds and these must be fed in the right way. The mother is not only the first, she is the most important teacher.

She needs a physical education. Children require longer and shorter hours of sleep, different food, and a varying amount of exercise. The mother should understand the principles of physiology.

She must understand the principles of psychology and know the characteristics of the normal child and understand the reason for its ceaseless activity.

She must understand why the child learns numbers more quickly while playing at grocery store than while solemnly counting out beans or counters. She must know enough about the mythology of many countries to understand about princesses and fairies, giants and dwarfs. She ought to know enough of natural history to teach the child to use his eyes and see the wonders about him.

She should understand the training of character and be able to teach the lessons of life to the child so that he will know how to live.

The study of ethics, philosophy and practical experience will be of use to her.

The woman who takes her motherhood seriously ought to take her training seriously and if she did so we would have happier children. It is her duty to train their instincts and to enforce them by intelligence.

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Miss Clark's Code of Beauty

The young woman who follows these easy rules should acquire beauty, charm, personality and that physical perfection to which all women aspire.

Sleep

At least eight hours in the twenty-four. Early to bed and early to rise is the principle one must follow religiously.

Eat

Regular meals, which are essential to all-around good health. Irregular eating leads to dyspepsia, loss of sleep and finally a bad disposition. Late suppers will affect one's nervous system, then one acquires a bad temper—a grouch—and so loses charm. Strong drink has never been known to help the complexion; a lot of water does. Don't overlook fresh fruit and vegetables, and don't overeat.

Play

Take every opportunity possible for tennis, rowing, horseback, walking, golfing or dancing; these assure you a splendid physique. Learn to swim, for this is one of the finest sports to develop and maintain symmetry of body.

Dress

For comfort and not too much for fashion. Dress that appears uncomfortable is untasteful.

Read

Good books. Practice the art of conversation; avoid slang; be a good listener when you are spoken to; avoid unnecessary argument; cultivate good manners; learn to control your voice. Master these things and you will have personality.

Avoid

The beauty parlors; an hour in the open air is more valuable to a girl than a whole day in a beauty parlor. Let cosmetics alone; nature will bring the color to your cheeks if given an opportunity. Use only that kind of soap that does not irritate your skin; find out which is the best soap for your purpose. Massage your face with ice wrapped in soft cloth after washing or bathe freely in very cold water. Fill basin with cold water and submerge face at least six times; this is an English face bath and should be taken at least once a day. Don't use hot irons on your hair; they burn out the oil which is necessary to the healthy condition of your hair. I am opposed to bobbed hair; I believe that long tresses are quite essential to achieving becoming coiffures. Try not to worry; for worry brings wrinkles, the arch enemy of women. Even in your most trying moment, develop a lovable disposition and you will be beautiful.

Col. Bob Maxe's Toast to Water.

From the Medical Journal.

"Mr. Toastmaster, ladies and gentlemen, you have asked me to respond to the toast, 'Water,' the purest and best of all of the things that God created. I want to say to you that I have seen it glisten in tiny teardrops on the sleeping lids of infancy; I have seen it trickle down the blushing cheeks of youth, and go in rushing torrents down the wrinkled cheeks of age. I have seen it in tiny dew drops on the blades of grass and leaves of trees, flashing like polished diamonds when the morning sun burst in resplendent glory o'er the eastern hills. I have seen it trickle down the mountain sides in tiny rivulets with the music of liquid silver striking on beds of polished diamonds. I have seen it in the rushing river rippling over pebbly bottoms, purling about jutting stones, roaring over precipitous falls in its mad rush to join the mighty father of waters, and in the mighty father of waters I have seen it go in slow and majestic sweep to join the ocean. And I have seen it in the mighty ocean on whose broad bosom float the battle fleets of all nations and the commerce of the world, but, ladies and gentlemen, I want to say to you now that as a beverage it ——is a flat, miserable, insipid, absolute and unmitigated failure.

EVENING POST December 12, 1925

A CHILD'S PRAYERS

By Mary Dixon Thayer

DRAWN BY R. PALLEN COLEMAN

Wisdom

I KNOW wherever I may be
That God is looking down at me.
I know He made the earth and sky,
And that the stars come spinning by
Just like big tops—He makes them go
Like that—oh, yes! And then I know
That really nothing is too small
For God to love—I know that all
The flowers on the hills are dear
To Him as stars, and that down here
Upon the world if I am bad—
Why, even I can make God sad!

Learning

WHEN You were little, God, I know
You never, never did
What wasn't nice, or anything
Your Mother might forbid.

When You were little, God, I know
You didn't hide, or cry
When bedtime came—and oh, I know
You never told a lie!

When You were little, God, I know
If other little boys
Arrived to play, and took away
Or broke Your finest toys—

You didn't call them names and wish
They hadn't came at all.
Oh, won't You show me how to be
Like You when You were small?

Afterwards

WHEN the "Our Father" I have said,
And Mother tucks me into bed,
And kisses me, and calls "Good night!
God bless you!" and turns out the light,

Why, then I lie awake and say
Another prayer a different way.
I talk to God, and angels keep
Their wings around me till I sleep.

I talk to God, and tell Him things
All in between the angels' wings,
And God leans down, and says "I know!
I understand! I love you so!"

Gratitude

HOW nice it is, dear God, to know
That You make all the flowers grow!

How nice it is to stop and think
You made the spring from which I drink!

How nice it is to know that You
Painted the sky that lovely blue!

How nice it is to know You fill
The night with stars and always will!

But oh, how nice to know You made
Me too! Sometimes I am afraid
I do not thank You as I should—
You are so wise, dear God, and good!

Thanksgiving

I WANT to thank You first of all,
Dear God, for making me,
Because if I had not been made—
Goodness! Where would I be?

And then I want to thank You, God,
For my dearest Mother—
Oh, I'm glad I have her, God,
Instead of another!

And then I want to thank You for
My father and the boys,
And for my sisters, too, and for
Our house and all our toys!

And, God, I want to thank You for
The lovely, lovely sky,
And for the clouds that way, way up
Above the world go by!

And, God, I want to thank You for
The woods where we can play,
And for the moon and stars by night,
And for the sun by day!

And, God, I want to thank You for
The daisy fields, and hills
Made to coast down in wintertime
And have the finest spills!

And, God, I want to thank You for
All sorts of little things—
Like curly stems of dandelions,
And pebbles, and the wings

Of butterflies, and icicles,
And leaves, and bugs that pass—
Oh, and for diamonds that I find
Each morning in the grass!

But, God, there are a million things
To thank You for, I know.
I haven't thought of half of them—
For instance, there is snow. . . .

But, God, I don't believe I can
Remember all that I
Have got to thank You for, and so
I don't believe I'll try.

But, God—You know the way I feel—
I mean, I love You, and—
Oh, thank You just for everything!
There! Now You understand!

The Answer

WHY do You hide from us, dear God?
I often wish that I
Could see You now, and did not have
To wait until I die.

But oh, I know the reason that
You hide from us is clear—
You are too beautiful, dear God,
For us to see You here.

Prayer by Bishop of Chester -

Give me a good digestion, Lord,
And also something to digest.
Give me a healthy body, Lord -
With sense to keep it at its best

Give me a healthy mind, good Lord,
To keep the good + pure in sight
Which, seeing sin is not appalled
But finds a way to set it right.

Give me a mind that is not bored
That does not whimper, whine or sigh
Don't let me worry over much
about the fussy thing, called I.

Give me a sense of humor, Lord
Give me the grace to see a joke
To get some happiness from life
And pass it on to other folks.

One day I gave Hugie a letter to mail; he stopt to talk and as he talkt, pulled the neck of my dress out and dropt the letter inside. At that, I exclaimed - "Oh, that is not a mail box — that is a female chest!."

Write down fifty, it matters much which way
Then add nothing without delay
Then add five to the right hand side
Each in to four equal parts divide
The first fourth add and you'll have in brief
What has brought many a great man to grief.

à la Louis L. May

Wanderlust

Beyond the East the sunrise, beyond the West the sea
And East & West the wander-thirst that will not let me be
It works in me like madness, dear, to bid me say good-bye
For the seas call & the stars call, & oh! the call of the sky!

I know not where the white road runs, nor where the blue hills are,
But a man can have the sun for a friend & for his guide a star
And there's no end of voyaging when once the call is heard
For the rivers call & the roads call & oh! the call of a bird!

Yonder the long horizon lies and there by night & day
The old ships draw to home again and the young ships sail away,
And, come I may, but go I must - & if men ask you why
You may put the blame on the stars and the sun, and the white road and the sky!

Gerald Gould.

The Call.

The hard white road and the scent of spring
The sun and the driving rain
The morning mist on everything
The lure of the wanton gipsying
Ah, lad, they are calling again.

Will ye leave the doubts, the aging care
The city streets, the stifling round
Find ye the courage to do and dare
Escape from the petty fears that snare
And wander the world around?

The delicate fury of April wind
The ever-changing, mood-swept sea
The strange new towns where one may find
New joys and leave no sting behind
They are waiting for you & me!

Lead - and I follow, the good earth over,

The Call - continued.

Forget the past - and live - today!
Loosen the fetters and play the rover,
Kiss then my lips - and be the lover;
Dance out of April into May!

Young blood is calling - I never can stay -
Will ye dare to be mine? Then come, lad - away!

Faith Baldwin.

My Dog.

The Curate thinks you have no soul;
I know that he has none. But you,
Dear friend! whose solemn self-control
In our four-square, familiar pew,
Was pattern to my youth – whose bark
Called me in summer dawn to rove –
Have you gone down into the dark
Where none is welcome, none may love?

I will not think those good brown eyes
Have spent their light of truth so soon;
But in some canine Paradise
Your wraith, I know, rebukes the moon,
And quarters every plain and hill,
Seeking its master. – As for me,
This prayer at least the gods fulfill: –
That when I pass the flood and see
Old Charon by the Stygian coast
Take toll of all the shades who land,

My Dog - continued.

Your little, faithful, barking ghost
May leap to lick my phantom hand.

St. John Lucas.

MAN'S FAITHFUL FRIEND—THE DOG

(Senator Vest's Most Famous Speech)

"THE best human friend a man has in the world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter, that he has reared with loving care, may prove ungrateful.

"Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith.

"The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it most.

"A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action.

"The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us an honor, when success is with us, may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads.

"The one absolutely unselfish friend that a man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deceives him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog!

"A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness.

"He will sleep on the cold ground, when the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side.

"He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer.

"He will lick the wounds and sores that come in the encounter with the roughness of the world.

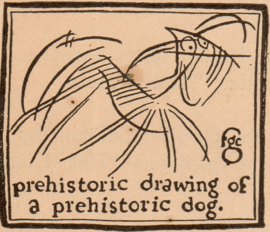
"He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince.

"When all other friends desert, he remains.

"When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens.

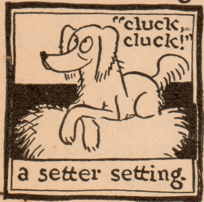
"If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies; and when the last scene of all comes and when death takes the master in its embrace and he is laid away in his cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by his grave-side will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death!"

DOG DOGGEREL

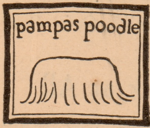


For conspicuous
prefixes
here's one animile
that mixes

with the record-
holders in that
sort of thing.



He has titles
tied before,
and behind him
several more.



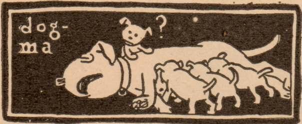
Here's a few
selections from
his ample string:

Well, there's Pug-
and Lap- and Bird-
Hang- and Coon-
and Bull- I've heard;

Chow-, Police-
nd Water-, Shepherd-,
Watch and Prairie.

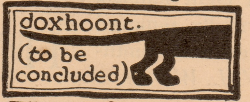
Now we'll suffix
-Watch and -Star,
just to show
how smart we are;

-Fish and -Wood
and -Gone and also
-Tired, very!



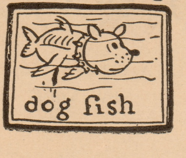
Dogs are easy
things to please.
They're inhabited
by fleas

and they perspirate
from off their
twitchy tongues.

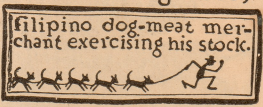


Their frigidity
of nose
and calorics
in their toes

show they're sound
and well in gizzard,
gall and lungs.

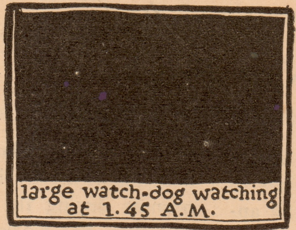


Dogs love citizens;
and brats;
gnawing bones;
and chasing cats;



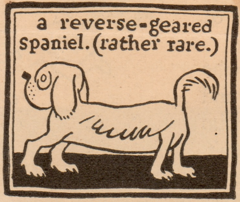
and they dearly
dote on yowling
at the moon.

I should judge
they're curious fellers,
from the way
they work their smellers;



they're investigating
smells from
noon to noon.

Pedigrees,
by elongation,
fix the Canine
social station

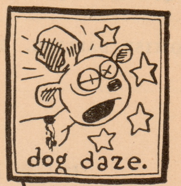


from which blue-blood
Fido looks down
on the mut;

but he doesn't
class with Towser
as an all 'round
joy 'rouser—

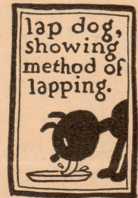
Towser's family's
off his mind,
the care-free nut!

When our pie-faced
spaniel, Toby,
first arrived
from far-off Kobe



his young neck was
nicked where he'd been
chafed by chains.

We'd imported
him for rats—
but he chased
away us brats!



"Yet", says Pa,
"some people say
dogs ain't got brains!"

To a Water Lily

O star on the breast of the river,
O marvel of beauty and grace
Did you fall right down from the heaven
Out of the sweetest place?
You are white as the thoughts of an angel
And your heart is steeped in the sun.
Did you grow in the golden city,
My pure and radiant one?

Nay, nay I fell not from heaven
None gave me my saintly white
I slowly grew up from the darkness
Down in the dreary night.
From the slime and the ooze of the river
I won my beauty and grace.
White souls fall not, O my poet,
They rise to the highest place.

Miss Dunton, Boston.

Paddle and Never Say Die.

Two frogs fell into a bucket of cream
And paddled to keep afloat,
But one soon tired and sank to rest
With a gurgling in his throat.
The other paddled away all night
And not a croak did he utter,
And with the coming morning of light,
He rode on an island of butter.
The flies came thick to his island home,
And made him a breakfast snappy;
The milkmaid shrieked and upset the pail,
And froggie hopped away happy.
A moral the hustling man finds in this rhyme,
And hastens at once to apply,
Success will come at the most difficult time
If we paddle and never say die.

—Author Unknown.

FAREWELL, farewell, but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding-guest!
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

S. T. Coleridge.

A BAD COMPLICATION.

"I'll tell you how it is," said the mild-eyed patient to the asylum doctor: "I met a young widow with a grown-up step-daughter and I married the widow. Then father met our step-daughter and married her. That made my wife the mother-in-law of her father-in-law, and made my step-daughter my step-mother, and my father my step-son, see?"

"Then my step-mother, the step-daughter of my wife, had a son. That boy was of course my brother, because he was my father's son; but he was also the son of my wife's step-daughter and therefore her grandson. That made me grandfather to my step-brother. Then my wife had a son, my brother-in law."

"The step-sister of my son is also his grandmother, because he is her step-son's child. My father is the brother-in-law of my child because his step-sister is his wife. I am the brother of my son, who is also the child of my grandmother."

I am my mother's brother-in-law, my wife is her own child's aunt, my son is my father's nehewp and I am my own grandfather, and I can't stand it."

T. L. Bittenbender,
27 W. Pettebone St.,
Forty Fort, Pa.

A young man went into a department store to purchase a pair of gloves for his fiancee. At the next counter was a young lady purchasing underwear for herself. By mistake the packages became mixed, and the young man got the underwear.

Without examining the parcel further, the young man sent it to his sweetheart with the following:

" My dear May;-

"In the accompanying package you will find a little gift which I hope you will accept in the place of the ones I ripped. It would give me great pleasure to be with you when you receive them, as there are a number of things the saleslady suggested in putting them on.

"Now I wish that no other hands could touch them, yet I know that a hundred fellows will gaze upon them when I am not at your side. I trust they will fit. If they are too large, you can let them wrinkle down a little, as a great many girls wear them that way. The next time we meet I wish to see how they fit, and if you have any trouble buttoning them, wait until I come and I will be glad to do it for you. Be careful some fellows with dirty hands do not soil them. But you can clean them with benzine and they will be alright. You can keep them on for ten days as they are of good quality. The saleslady said she had a pair like them for three years and only cleaned them once. Always blow in them before putting them on. It might not be a bad idea to place a few mothballs in them to keep flies away, as they dirty them. Do not take them off in the street, or in the car, as the skin chaps very easily in this weather.

Yours with love

Will.

JUST FOLKS

By Edgar A. Guest

THE JUNE GROOM

The June groom is the handsome
brute
Who wears the usual tailored suit;
A white carnation on his coat
An egg-sized lump inside his throat
And at the altar, where he stands,
Fidgets and fusses with his hands.

Out of the church's ante-room
Come parson, best man and the
groom,
The minister assumes his place,
A solemn look upon his face.
The June groom stares along the
aisle
And thinks it measures full a mile.

Here comes the bride All radiant.
she
Is one that necks are craned to see
The groom's forgotten! Safely now
Unnoticed he may mop his brow,
Adjust his collar, coat and tie,
For none on him will cast an eye.

I'd like to tell him, be at ease.
While standing there do what you
please,
Although it is your wedding, too,
The spotlight won't be thrown on
you.
Whether in church or crowded room
The last man noticed is the groom.

(Copyright, 1935, Edgar A. Guest)

Wood Fireplace

S. Omar Barker

Untamed here in a maw of rough-hewn stone,
The naked blaze transcends mere household heating;
It is a relic of ancestral dawn,
Akin to first drums in a jungle beating.

First drums, first dreams, first stories told, perhaps
Man's first emergence out of primal haze,
Were warmed to birth by firewood's unmasked burning
But little different from my fireplace blaze.

The hot logs crackle and their ruddy flare
Throws ancient shadows on a modern wall,
Claiming me kinsman, in my easy chair
To shaggy folk whose fires burned first of all!

Nan Beebe
Bermuda

Marmalade

1 grapefruit   1 lemon   2 oranges

Grind thru meat grinder, add 3 cups of water to each cup of fruit. Let stand till next day. Boil 20 minutes – let stand till next day. Add 1 cup of sugar to each cup of juice, boil till thick. Stir frequently.
nearly an hour
Lid off when boiling

Nan Beebe
Bermuda

Brownies

1 cup sugar   2 eggs   ½ cake melted chocolate
½ cup butter   1 cup chopped nuts

Cream sugar with butter, add eggs, chocolate + nuts. Spread in buttered pan + bake 15 minutes.

Cottage pudding Maggie

1 cup of sugar
1 " " flour
3 eggs
Bake 20 minutes.
1 teasp. baking powder
2 tablesp. milk
½ nutmeg
½ teasp. lemon.

Cathedral Pudding N. C. S.

1 cup sugar
1 cup milk
2 eggs separated
2 ounces melted chocolate
1 teaspoon vanilla
1½ cups flour

Beat yolks until creamy, add sugar, then milk. Beat until smooth. Sift in flour, add chocolate & vanilla. Beat until smooth. Cut & fold in whites. Pour into buttered mold and cook in a water bath in oven, or over flame, two hours.

Egg Sauce.

4 small eggs
1 lb powdered sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla

Beat yolks till creamy & whites till stiff. Add sugar & vanilla to yolks. Cut & fold in the whites. Serve soon

Boiled hard icing. Maggie

1/2 cup of water Whites of 3 eggs beaten stiff

2 cups of sugar

Boil sugar & water without stirring till it gets hard by dropping it in cold water. Take off & slowly beat the eggs ~~into it~~ while dripping the syrup into them - then put on cake.

Chocolate icing Maggie

4 squares of chocolate 1 lb. 4 x sugar.

Melt the chocolate, put in the sugar and add enough milk to disolve it. Heat till it is all melted then beat until it begins to get stiff.

Nut Bread

3 cups graham flour 1 cup N.O. molasses

2 " white " 1 cup white sugar

2 " sweet milk 1 teasp. soda dissolved in molasses

1/4 lb. pecan kernels 1 teasp. salt

Line pan with paper and bake slowly 2 hours.

Corn Pudding Maggie

Grate about seven to ten ears of corn, mix about 1 teas. of salt & ½ tablesp. of sugar and put about a tablesp. of butter around on top. Bake ½ hr. in moderate hot oven.

Spice Cake. Maggie

2 cups of brown sugar 2 cups flour
½ cup melted butter 1 teasp cloves
yolks of 2 eggs - 2 4 teasp nutmeg
1 cup thick milk 2 teasp. cinamon
1 teasp soda & a pinch of salt.

Put all in a bowl - flour last - & in a moderate oven. 20 min

White Cake. Maggie

3/4 cup of butter 3 scant cups flour and
1 1/4 cup of sugar 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder
3/4 " " milk whites of five eggs.

Mix butter & sugar, add milk, then flour & baking powder. Beat eggs separately & add them last. Start oven 15 min before - moderate oven - 20 minutes

Apple Betty. Maggie

Cut apples in little slices – fill dish the size needed
Four big tablespoonsful of brown sugar
½ cup bread crumbs from fresh bread
Mix it all up, put it into dish, & put about a tablespoonful of butter around on top. Hot oven.
Bake about 25 min

Apple Sauce. Maggie

Cook apples till soft, don't peal them, mash them.
About a cup of sugar for a ¼ peck of apples — use judgement & taste! Mix in sugar & let get cold.

Bread pudding – for 4 people Maggie

~~4~~ 3 cups of milk, ~~3~~ 2 beaten eggs, ~~2~~ 1½ tablespoons sugar.
In baking bowl cut 3 slices of bread, no crust, into dice.
Pour in other stuff & put on five or six "specks" of butter.
Set in a pan filled half way with water & bake in bottom of oven, not so hot, until solid.

Cup custards have the same receipt except no bread nor butter.

Moravian Sugar (Coffee) Cake

To one quart of sweet milk, add two Fleischmanns yeast cakes and enough flour to make a sponge. When light add four eggs (well beaten) one pound granulated sugar, one half cup warm mashed potatoe beaten light with seven eighths of a pound of butter. Add little salt flour enough to make soft dough, knead until it does not stick to hands. Let raise until light, then put in shallow pans (about an inch thick) let raise again. Make holes in cake with finger, fill with butter, light brown sugar and cinnamon, sprinkle thickly on top with sugar and cinnamon. also put a little melted butter on top. bake. (2 table spoons Rose water added to dough

very good.)

This is exactly your Grandmothers recepe, which she got from Grandma Ebermann. except they used bakers yeast

Doughnuts (Fasnachts)

Two cups granulated sugar
half cup butter half cup lard
little salt, four eggs, one quart
luke warm milk one and a half
cakes Fleischmanns yeast, disolved
in half cup water. Add enough
flour to make a sponge, when
light add eight or nine pints
flour, enough to make dough stiff
enough to handle. When light
roll out cut with doughnut cutter
let these raise till light. Fry.

Can mix all at one time in the evening and will be ready to roll and cut in morning. Two table spoons Rose water an improvement to these